Analysis by Julian French

Qutub is a book written by Andrew Chumbley and the word Qutub is and Arabic word that means axis of the Universe and it means the perfect man in Sufism. This is what Wikipedia says about Qutub, "means 'axis', 'pivot' or 'pole'. Qutb can refer to celestial movements and used as an astronomical term or a spiritual symbol. In Sufism, a Qutb is the perfect human being, al-Insān al-Kāmil (The Universal Man), who leads the saintly hierarchy. The Qutb is the Sufi spiritual leader that has a divine connection with God and passes knowledge on which makes him central to, or the axis of, Sufism, but he is unknown to the world." This definition says that the perfect man is one who is in the center.

The axis or center is strongly emphasized in Andrew Chumbley's works. The purpose of meditation is to be centered and still so that someone can access the higher realms. The book itself is very hard to understand for those completely unfamiliar with spiritual concepts and that is the purpose of its vagueness.

In the book Azoetia, Andrew Chumbley said this about the ignorant, "Those solely of the Clay, knowing not the Arcana of I, are the Feast of all Nature. From the dust are They arisen and to the dust returning. They know not of the Sodality of Our One Sacred Flesh - the Body
blest by the Fire of the Ancient One of Spirit, and thus are They Profane unto the Circle of Our Arte. Thus are They given in sacrifice
unto That which gave them Substance."

There are 72 stanzas in Qutub and this is a very important number in astrology as it is explained on this website. The number 72 is the number of years to move 1 degree of precession. The Yezidis, who are the major inspiration for this book, believed that Adam and Eve started 72 tribes.

The explanations of these passages are put into brackets, and this is a very hard book to interpret.

The original book can be read for free online.

Qutub

"He who is illuminated with the Brightest Light
will cast the Darkest Shadow

o

Here lie the remnants of a Book
Once written by no mortal hand,
Once seal'd within a Silver Vault
And lost amid the Desert Sand.
The Aeons' Soul hath forg'd a Key
To open wide this Book to Thee,
And show Thee that — Fate hath not plann'd! **(This book is inspired from above, like other holy books from all throughout history and the desert that it is lost in is the desolation of this world. The Aeons' Soul is the life force of the soul and this is what gives an awakened man the key to open this book. In the Metallica video called Unforgiven, the boy hides a key on himself before he enters the room where he will spend his life.)**

To Thee, Azrvan Akarana!
All Holy Books I come to burn,
Save this, which by Thy Quill I write,
All else to Ash and Dust will turn.
The Nuptial Flame of Truth and Lie
Shall quicken mine own Ink to dry
And seal the Spell in Khidir's Urn.

The Prophet of the Peacock-Quill
Hath drunk God's Blood from out the Cup
Of Iblis and the Blessed Few
That with Eve's brood refuse to sup.
Ye Children of fair Lilith born,
Come tread the Path of Blame and Scorn,
For you, from Hell, have fallen . . . Up!

My Lover! Pray draw close to listen,
And rest awhile, for but an hour,
By the Well whose waters glisten
'Neath the Vine of Khidir's Bower.
Come share with Me the Love of Night,
And like the Moth to the Candle-light -
Pray sip the Dew from Lilith's Flower.

Gaze long, gate deep into the Pool,
And with each breath glide gently in,
And there content Thyself to drift

In skies where-in the Angels swim.
Then look —look up, up from the Well,
To see these moving lips that tell
Of Thee: . Thine own Reflected Twinl **(The pool is the world that all humanity drowns in and the reflected twin is the spirit.)**

Look Thou far into the Waters:
The Mirror — wide and pure and clear,
And feign a deep and dream-fill'd sleep,
Yet leave a-jar Thine waking ear.
And as you listen to each word —
Thou shalt enflesh that which is heard:
The Double-Song of Old Khidir.

Before the Limit of the Truth:
The Infinity of the Lie.
Before the Mask it e'er wast wrought —
When first the Watcher's Eye met Eye.
Before the Hand first touch'd the Clay —
A Voice, from Silence, chanc'd to speak.
Yet who spoke — Thou or I? **(The truth is very limited when the entire physical world that someone is immersed in is a lie. The mask is the physical face and the clay is the body itself. The silence was explained on this page and the person hearing the silence will have trouble understanding whether it was he or his higher self that was speaking.)**

Then the Answer to the Question:
The Secret told to none but Thee.
Behold, the Starry Lock Qutubl
Behold, the Peacock-Angel's Key! **(The doorway to the higher realms is through the center of the circle which is the lock that bars entry to any materialistic people who aren't centered. The key is the tangible, denser form of God, called the Peacock Angel by the Yezidis. According to this Yezidi website, "The Yezidis do not believe that the Peacock Angel is the Supreme God. The Supreme God created him as an emanation at the beginning of time. He was brought into manifestation in order to give the invisible, transcendental Supreme God a vehicle with which to create and administer the universe. Tawsi Melek is thus a tangible, denser form of the infinite Supreme God.")**
The Circle of the Year is done,
The Oath-bound Cup lieth o'erturn'd.
By whose Hand? — They answer'd "We!".

The running wine hath stain'd the Book:
As Ink - Thy Blood is spilt for Me. (This is probably referring to Jesus, called The Word, spilling his blood to save Mankind.)
Yet Time and Fools all words erase,

But not the Secret told to Thee. (The truth is beyond time and it will always outlive the ignorant fools of this world.)
Here,- the Expanse of Endless Night,
Where Stars, like bloodied footprints, mark
The Angel's Path by the Shoreless Sea. (The Shoreless Sea is the world that humanity lives in and this metaphor appears in the Bible as Jesus walking on water.)

Led by a hand one cannot bold,
The Sought is found where the Search doth end;
Not in mid-path, nor by its edge,
The Way doth lie where the Path doth bend.
Shared by foot-fall and Heaven's Breath,
These murmur'd words their meaning tell
And to none but Thee their Treasures lend.

10

By Attraction to this Moment —
The Thought of Hand and Eye as One,
Each Course divert, each care forget,
On Pathways lost is Fortune won.
In straying wide is Wisdom found,
To turn the Thread and tie the Knot,
Which by no hand may be undone.

11

The Path it moveth standing still:
Not Then - Not Yet, Nor E'er - But Now! **(This was discussed on in the Movement Without Moving chapter of Codex Singularity. The axis of the circle moves without moving and it drives the wheel. Real movement is done by being still in the center and not moving in the outer circle of the physical world. There is only the eternal now and there is no past or future. The path that moves standing still is the Way of the Tao.)**
In moments strung like prayer-beads
Whose telling doth all Times allow.
Each Instant ground between the Mill
Of Years that turn their wheel until —
The Age doth to this Moment bow! **(There is only the eternal now and it is superior to all the ages of the world.)**

12

As sure as Silence each word doth end,
The Secret in this Book is caught.
As foot shall surely follow foot,
And Thought and Thought shall follow Thought,

Through the Question and the Answer,
In the Wish of the Wish Itself :
This Truth by many Lies is taught **(The truth is the soul and the lies are the people and the world.)**

13

The Prophet's Pen, the Murd'ring Knife, -
Both leave a single cicatrice
Upon the Parchment of Our Life:
The Signature of Lacbesis. **(Lachesis was the middle member of the Fates. The Fates were sister goddesses of fate and destiny. Lachesis' role was to decided what kind of life each mortal would live. She was usually depicted wearing white.)**
In writing I shall cut the Thread
That bindeth both the Quick and Dead,
And yet my words may tie the Cord
To guide the Hand of Nemesis.

14

Speak here, O' Peacock-Angel's Child,
Let Thy Quill of Itself to write,
And silent bleed the First God's vein
To draw Thine Ink from Blackest Light.
Feed the Fire of this Burning Book
With Words born from Thine own Heart's Flame,
Show here the Way of the Dragon's Flight. **(If the Peacock Angel is God, then its child must be the Son of God. He is the quill, or the Word and he sheds God's blood. The Ink that is drawn from the Blackest Light is the Word emanating from the Black Sun, or the Axis of the Universe.)**

15

O' Thou Lead-black Bell of Heaven!
Ring loud Thy fatal carillon.
Exultant peal Thine omen-burden'd knell
And grant my lips the Dragon's Song.
Shatter! O' Thou Up-turn'd Graal of Night,
Spill out Thy Starry-nectar'd Dew
To bless the Tryst of Aztya's Throng.

16

He that leadeth this Procession
Doth wear the Guise of God and Beast, **(The master is a god in the animal that is the human body.)**
As the Ox-goad and the Oxen:

Who leadeth most doth guide the least.
Seekest Thou for Light or Darkness?
Seekest Thou for Truth or Lies?
When either serve where Thou shalt feast.

17

Meet me at the Altar-table,
Meet me beneath the Black Noon Sun.
Drink from the Cup of Thine own blood,
And seek for That which all Men shun.
At Midnight 'mid the Field of Corn
The Bull is slain, the Snake is born.
Thy Path — this Moment - hath begun.

18

As Crooked as the Lightning-bolt
And narrow as the sharpest knife:
The Way Exact, beyond all Laws;
Who chanceth not shall lose his life. **(This is similar to that passage in the Bible that says the way to life is narrow and few men will travel it. This path is beyond the physical and is beyond the world's laws. This path is the only choice if an individual wants to attain life in the spirit.)**
He that murdereth his Brother
And becometh wholly Other —
Shall take the Daimon for his Wife. **(The brother is the flesh, and the other is his true self that he is unfamiliar with. The Daimon is the Greek version of a guardian angel. A spiritual person will be guided by higher beings.)**

19

"Taurus Draconem genuit,
Et Taurum Draco" spake the Queen **(From this site: In the mysteries of Ceres and Proserpine, the grand secret communicated to the initiated was thus enigmatically expressed: Taurus Draconem genuit, et Taurum Draco; "The bull has begotten a serpent, and the serpent a bull." The bull, as already seen, was a prominent emblem of generative force, the Bacchus Zagreus, or Tauriformis.)**

Of all the Night and the Twilit Breach,
Whose Words have Secrets in-between-. **(The secrets are inbetween worlds and all polarities that make up the physical world.)**
"My Child, hast Thou come here to drink

Poison dripp'd golden from my kiss,
And hope to glimpse what Few have seen?"

20

The Feathers of the Plumed Snake
From each the Dragon's scales unfold,
And there the starry embers glint
With fire amid the green and gold.
Each Plume doth frame with rainbow hues
The azure eyes of Black Ta'us,
Whose winged gaze burneth deathly cold.

21

O' Dragon-heart of Energy,
Who dwelleth in the Form of Void,
Thy coils encircle each Event:
In Thee all Forces are alloy'd.
Thy breath doth hear Life's Flame to Thought,
Til All back to Thy mouth is brought.
None, but Thee and the Dragon-soul'd,
Create and yet Fate's Law avoid.

22

The Talion Decree is Set:
Upon Thy Brow - the Dead King's Crown.
Thy talons rend the Scrolls of Law -
For Thou hast brought the Most High down.
God-Destroyer! God-Begetter!
Thy Maelstrom Soul - My Cynosure!
Hail, O' Beast of Fear and Far Renown! **(Talion's law means the punishment fits the crime and the person has killed the God by being of the flesh or the beast full of fear and other base instincts.)**

23

O' Thou Metacosm of Between, **(A system that encompasses cosmos systems of macrocosm, mesocosm, microcosm).**
Who art Above - Beyond - Below,
Thine Attributes we name and make,-
For Aught Imagined is That we know.
By This we forge the Aeons' Chain,
Fate's Edge to break yet pre-ordain:
God's Clay upon Man's Wheel to throw. **(The clay is the flesh and the wheel is time.)**

24

With Seven Handfuls of the Earth
Brought unto Me by Az'ra-il,
I shall grant Man a Greater Form
And with my Breath the Image fill. **(Azrail is an angel of destruction and renewal, which could also be called death and resurrection. The seven handfuls of Earth cause the destruction and renewal in an Alchemical process. It makes Man into a greater being who is filled with the image of God.)**
Its Thought shall hold a World Urbane,
Its Flesh exceed the Mortal Grain,
And with its Word - the Sculptor kill.

25

The Potter's Wheel is yet the Mill
Where All is ground unto the Mote:
The Age within the Moment sought,
The Sea that in each Tear doth float. **(There is no past or present. There is only the moment, and the sea represents the world. The tear is the pain and suffering the world has to offer, but it is so small and insignificant to God that it is just the size of a tear.)**
Each Atom cut) each Instant crack'd;
All Words unto the Thought traced back -
To hear the Song in the Single Note. **(This means tracing back to the True Self and the entire life is compressed into the here and now.)**

26

Where doth hang the Dragon's Crown?
Where doth his jewell'd snakeskin drape
And drip the bloodied seed of pain —
The Ruby Wine of Khidir's Grape?
Above the Shadowy Form call'd "Man"
Whose Hand doth touch this Very Page,
Where-on are Charms to make him God..
... or yet to mask the Ape! **(Man is a shadow of the soul, he tries to make himself superior with his knowledge and various kinds of objects and clothes, but it just masks the fact that he is a higher-level ape.)**

27

And where the Face of Ur'an-na?
Storm-veil'd as in a wolfish pelt.
His howls are Heaven's Battle-rage,

Before his Throne hath Nature knelt!
But see the Hand upon the Page —
Shall trace a Word beyond its Age
And draw the Sword from Great Orion's Belt.

28

The Whorls upon each fingertip
Show where the Whirlwind's Dance hath passed,
Each Line doth show each turn of Fate —
To mark the Way from First to Last.
The Stolen Gift of Dragon's Fire
Hath scorch'd a Path which Few desire,
Beyond the Future in the Past.

29

The Tree grown out the Mouth of Hell,
From Seeds dropp'd from the Sinner's Plate,
Hath spann'd the Arch of Heaven's Roof
And caus'd the World's Edge to abate.
From each bough hang sweet-nectar'd fruit,
Yet venoms feed the deepest root.
Here, the Path without a Path ...
... Beyond the Gateless Gate. **(The path and the gate are not of the physical world and they can only be trodden on and passed through the spirit.)**

30

Who with each Sin shall rise above
The Crowded Carnal Bed of Earth, **(Everyone in their physical bodies are spiritually asleep on Earth.)**
Yet take his fill from Pleasure's Breast
And sate himself amidst her mirth,
Shall make each vice a Ladder's rung
Where-with to climb the Death-strewn Mire
And from each Corpse reclaim his Birth. **(The vices of this world are helping him to ascend from the land of death.)**

31

0' What shall I dare to name Thee?
Thou who art Son of the Sum
Whose Steps exceed the Tongue's own edge,
Whose Soul hath ratio to None.
Thy Star doth cast the Gods' own light,
Peerless art Thou! Man-over-Man!
Who shall not from Thy mere Shadow run?

32

Shall I call Thee"Azhdeha"-
The Fire-drake of Antient Fame?
Or yet call Thee "Old Khidir"?
Or doth the Angel hide Thy Name?
Yea, Thou art These and ever more,
Thou art the Soul within the Core
Of I — who am the Very Samel

33

I am Known and Thou art Mystery!
"Wisdom and Love" — I name Thee, Muse!
What Voice have I to praise Thee,
When Speech will but Thy Beauty lose?
Thou dancest ever out of reach
And with Thy Guile the guileless teach —
Of Me: The Pen that wrote Thy Ruse!

34

Silence veileth the Sphinx' smile
Within the hollow idol's breast —
To break the God's own wooden robe
And add it to the Phoenix' nest. **(The silence, which is the spirit, is hidden and the Phoenix nest is the body in which the spirit will rise.)**
This Secret that is called "The Lie"-.
There is no Truth, but Here is All.
Not to deceive, but yet to test! **(The Lie is the physical identity and it subjects the spirit to tests to make it stronger.)**

35

The Fool behind the Smiling Mask
Doth ever watch the Stranger's Face,
And seeking there to catch the gate
Shall find but blindness in its place. **(The Fool is an inexperienced soul, like that in the Tarot. The stranger's face is the mask. The gate is the path to higher reality but he will not see it.)**
The Eyes of Truth seek for the Lie,
And Men but seek and wonder why?
Both in the Mirror find no trace.

36

All Gods are worthy of Belief

If They should answer to Thy Call,
But aught that faileth to avail
Should swiftly out of Heaven fall —
Like Lead return'd unto the Forge
Where Magick turneth all to Gold —
To fake One Image of them All.

37

Ever-looking, Never-seeing,
By Surface known unto the Eye:
The Idols of Our Passing Love
Silent listen without reply.
Only Echoes answer Prayer —
Such garlands of fast-fading praise
Live with sudden beauty... then die!

38

Whom do I seek that may he found
Within the Solitude of Thee?
Thou hast escaped beyond the Breach
That maketh All, but Memory.
Between the Hand, the Touch, the Thought,
Flieth the Moth which none have caught.
Yet I, the Flame, Thine End shall be.

39

Thine Eye in seeking — seeth not.
The Reaching Hand — it graspeth air.
Though blind and bound — Thine Eye and Hand
Have found Me - Neither Here nor There. **(The soul is blind and bound an its eye and hand will find God in a place that is neither here nor there in the physical world.)**
Whilst either side the Temple-door
Men rush to lie with Priest or Whore —
All pass Me naked on the stair. **(Men will fornicate with the good priest or the bad whore. Both are bad because they are of the world. They will not find God on the stair and the stair represents something that goes up or ascends into Heaven.)**

40

Doth Allah unto Adam speak
Or doth an Idol sing Man's Verse?
Whilst I into the Harem creep
With Gold, fall'n, from the Temple-purse.
And there with Thee, Mine Odalisque,

I'll pass an hour and take the risk -
To watch Them both My Words rehearse!.

4i

I do not err, but aberrate!
No Virtue Sin may not redress.
I do but turn — the Other Face -
To Those that strike, return no less.
From ev'ry Cup my lips shall taste,
Nor spare that Drop which Fools do waste,-
Who drink, then fall in God's Winepress.

42

O' Crime! What is Thine Infamy?
The Shame in which we cloak our need?
A Veil to hide that which we fear?
The Book in which we may not read? **(The soul is the thing that is being veiled and feared and as a consequence becomes something that cannot be read and understood.)**
O' Evil. Who art the Drug Divine!
Who maketh blood to taste like wine,
Thou hast made mine eyes to see
In Golden Fruit — a Leaden Seed. **(The evil deceives men into thinking that bad is good and nutritious.)**

43

By Year, by Day, and by each Moment:
The Abyss Cross'd, the Pathway stray'd. **(People journey through the abyss and stray off the road to life.)**
Each Sacrifice doth mark the Road,
Each Slough: Old Flesh from New Flesh —flay'd!
Great Instants mark this Lightning-birth,
And far beyond both Womb and Grave —
From Dead Stars wast Mine Image made. **(In the movie called Begotten is a scene where the Mother of Earth is shown pregnant next to a coffin and this represents that the womb is a grave for the soul in the Underworld. All life on Earth was ultimately made from the components of exploded stars that produced more complex elements. The flesh is the image of God, but one that is far away from perfection.)**

44

Over what pass I upon the Bridge?
Self to Self over Self's Abyss.
There my death and there my tryst: **(A tryst is a brief romantic**

encounter and in this case it is with the soul's love of death.)
In Mirrors crack'd — the Mirror'd kiss.
Most loath'd, yet most desired,
The One that through the crack doth slip,-
Whose Curse is Mine, but Mine to miss.

45

The Well, that once gave life to Me,
Hath in the Drought of Love run dry.
The Desert's Soul hath stole all Joy,
And taught the Very Muse to die.
Yet from this Cause of Vast Lament
Run tears — suffice all thirsts to Quench:
Tears wept from Secret Pleasure's Eye.

46

A Thousand Unfinish'd Banquets,
Are tasted with a single bite
Of blood-bright fangs through bone-white skin -
To fill my Soul with black delight.
This Love shall not 'til Morning live,
Yet Tomorrow shall its death forgive —
With a finger held to the Lips of Night. **(The lips of night with the finger held to it represents the silence.)**

47

The Hell of Those who cannot speak,
Whose hearts grow cold with untold pain,
Whose love still-born dieth unfulfill'd,
Whose thoughts upon the Tongue's leash strain.
This Muted Crowd — my sorrows bear,
And in their silence — silence share.
Yet by the Quill-in Hell I reign.

48

A Mirage 'pon the Prophet's Tower:
A Darkly-shining Silhouette,
A Crowned Man of Shadow form'd
A-top the Temple's Minaret.
It whisp'reth to the Muezzin —
To clip or lift the Prayer's Wing
And cast God from the Parapet.

49

Unseen, Who stalketh behind o' Thee
Whene'er Thou dost walk out alone,
Who creepeth nigh all dying men
To separate their flesh from bone,
Then draweth down the dust of Age
To dry the blood spilt on the Page
And hide the Life within the Stone.

50

The Sleeper lieth 'pon the rock,
Tether'd to the line of shadow; **(The sleeper is the soul and the shadow is the physical body, which is a shadow of the light body.)**
It dreameth dreams of Death and Time
Where Life's River runneth shallow. **(The physical world is death and it is under time, which doesn't exist in the higher realms. There is very little flow of life in this dream. The baptism is life washing away the soul's ignorance.)**
'til Time's untimely turning wheel
Doth all dreamt-of fortune steal,
Pierced through by Fate's true-aim'd arrow.

51

Sheath'd in a mask of emerald —
The Desert 'neath the Verdant Land,
Until the Sapphire Waters wash
The Pearl from out each Grain of Sand.
Upon that Sea the Stone shall float:
A Light to lure the Mages' Boat,
Like Dew caught on the Spider-strand. **(See the song called Higher Now Ama by Moby. The grain of sand is the body in a desert surrounded by billions of other grains of sand, and it hides the soul, represented as a pearl that is of value to the mage. The mage rides on the sea, which represents the world, and he will give love and instruction to that pearl over the worthless sand.)**

52

Amid the Company of the Wise,
From lip to lip Truth taketh flight,
And word from word they tear apart
All thoughts that are not hid from sight. **(The truth or wisdom is hidden from the ignorant people of this world and the world's illusions get torn apart so that they don't control the wise anymore.)**
Cease! For now Thy Book is writ.

The Muse's Hand stirreth Wisdom's Bowl —
And Thee within that Cucurbite.

53

All Antient Books of Lore shall burn,
And then will countless wise men shout;
Their tongues - the flames outstretch'd to cry:
A Prayer to put the fire out.
But one Sage will silent be,
And in the flames — my words will see:
"The Truth Within is Truth Without." **(This sounds like the burning of the Library of Alexandria. But the truth will always reemerge from within the wise over time. The sage being silent represents that his physical senses are silent so that he can hear the truth.)**

54

The Silence lock'd within the Note
Hath found a Voice within the Flute,
And there, in playing out my Song,
Hath lent its Speech unto the Mute.
Though Sage and Fool oft' speak at leisure, **(The Fool is referring to the fool from the Tarot and it represents a new beginning for someone who is spiritually inexperienced. The Sage is someone who is spiritually experienced. The sage educates the fool.)**
And speaking seek the Other's Pleasure —
Who may with Silence hold dispute**? (The silence is the spirit as in it cannot be heard in the noise pollution of this world.)**

55

The Hell of Those who do but speak,
Whose tongues but move the air in vain,
Their voices stifle Heart and Thought —
Who live to speak their lives again.
Their Prayers are Curses that repeat
Their Sins and thus their Silence cheat.
All Words are Lies, yet Truth sustain. **(This is saying that physical words from the mouth are worthless and the silence is far superior to them.)**

56

The Messiah and the Liar —
Both rhyme and share a single meaning.
How may a man of Virtue learn,
When others seek to bear his sin?
These Hands 'pon Heaven's Broken Tablet

Break bread with New Reality —
To feed the Man of Manless Kin.

57

The Brothel-keeper and the Priest -
Both at the Sinner's Pleasure eat,
And oft' from Wisdom's Coffer thieve
A Bowl for begging in the street;
And in that Cup catch equal coins
For Prayers to part the Virgin's loins.
Both with their tears wash Wisdom's feet. **(The sinner and the do gooder are one and the same because they are both of the world. They both mourn as being represented by their tears washing Wisdom's feet. The fact that they are at the level of feet shows their position in the higher realms.)**

58

The Pearl, where-in the Moon is caught,
Hath 'pon my tide reach'd Ruha's shore. **(The pearl is the soul, and Ruha means Holy Spirit and it catching the Moon represents it has gained power. The shore is the edge of the sea that represents the world. That means the soul has been guided by the Holy Spirit out of the sea.)**
Tho' Gold may steal of Heaven's Light,
What Coin may ope' Thy Crimson Door?
A Leaden Disk from a Dead Man's Tongue
Will buy the Soul of the Lustrous Sun
And make Thy Flesh — My Temple-floor!

59

"Musick! Lift up my Sacrifice!"
Thus sang the Lapis Flute for Djann,
"And at my Word, let fall the Blade
Upon the ripen'd field of Man.
Let Old Adam bend beneath the Scythe
And grant the New his bloody tithe."
Thus sang the Voice of Azrvan!

60

The Dagger drawn across the lips
Stealeth more than a common kiss,
Divideth more than mortal flesh,
To draw from Thee the Serpent's hiss. **(The dagger cuts the unity into polar opposites and the Serpent's hiss that is drawn out is time and the world's vices caused by polar opposites.)**

Thrust deep, thrice-turn'd about the Heart,
This Knife shall to Thy Soul impart —
The Pain of Hell as Heaven's Bliss. **(The world disguises pain as pleasure and people are ignorant of the true bliss of the higher realms.)**

61

The World is swath'd within flay'd skin,
Torn from my back and hung to dry:
A Cerecloth for another corpse, **(A cerecloth is impregnated with wax and used for wrapping corpses.)**
And yet another, by and by;
A swaddling cloth to wrap the Babe
Who suckleth straight the Hanged Man's Seed. **(The wrapped babe is the corpse cloth of the physical body that hides the sould and the Hanged Man from the Tarot represents surrender, which means the soul is surrendering to it.)**
Our First Words — they do but echo
That which we utter as we die. **(That was a great line. It resembles this passage from the Gospel of Thomas, "The man old in days will not hesitate to ask a small child seven days old about the place of life, and he will live. For many who are first will become last, and they will become one and the same." What these lines from Qutub and the Gospel of Thomas are saying is that the Alpha and Omega are one and the same and this is where life actually is.)**

62

The Winking Eyes of Az'ra-il, **(The Hebrew angel for destruction and renewal.)**
One open wide for ev'ry Soul,
Cast forth their stare upon each life:
An eyeliad of burning coal.
And with each death an eye doth close,
As Winter's Hand plucketh Summer's Rose.
Our Lives are done, yet Our Sight is whole. **(The death of the physical will bring true sight to the soul through the death and rebirth process.)**

63

This Hour I lead the Blinded Seraph,
This Hour I guide the Blind One home,
For my Soul his Sight hath stole,
And hand-in-hand with Thee we roam. **(This is the body leading the soul, which is represented by the blind Seraph or angel. The home is the home of the flesh, not of the angel. The body steals**

the angel's insight.)
Through the Graveyard, beneath the Vine,
To kiss, and drink of Lethe's Wine,
In a Bed of Clay 'neath Heav'n's Dome. **(The graveyard is the Earth that the blind angel is trapped in. Lethe was a river in Hades which makes people forget their life on Earth and the blind angel will forget its true life in the Heavens. The bed of clay is the physical world where souls dream in their mortal bodies.)**

64

O' Stone Lid of the Coffin, Shut!
To cut the Breath of the Sleeper;
That the Hands of Death may reach out,
Draw him down and ever deeper. **(The coffin is the body, and the breath of life is cut off from the soul who is sleeping and it suffocates so that death may draw the soul deeper into its sleep.)**
To dissolve amid the Endless Years,
To drink from Hell's own tear-fill'd cup. **(The soul dissolves over the years and it suffers.)**
Who once wast mourn'd is now the Weeper. **(The mourned can only be the dead and the dead is the one weeping, not the living.)**

65

Night's tenebrous mantle falleth
To cover my head with sleep,
And 'twixt the Gates of Dusk and Dawn,
In Dreams, my Soul will wander deep. **(Twixt means the contraction, or closing, of the gates of dusk and dawn so that the soul is locked in the darkness of sleep.)**
Down through tortile webs of Cavern,
To leap the rifts of vertigo, **(Vertigo is a false sense of movement and in the physical world, as explained in the concept of movement without moving chapter in Codex Singularity, movement is a part of the physical world, rest is part of the spiritual world.)**
And speak with Those that Secrets keep. **(This means the soul learning the deep occult secrets of this life.)**

66

This Body,- Mine, and yet of whom? **(The soul may own the body but who controls it?)**
The House of Monstrous Forms Unknown:
Of Gods and Beasts and Lost Djinn,
Oft' times a seething heart alone.
All turn'd to dust, My Muse! My Love!
Save Thou, who art call'd "Snake" and "Dove",
Upon whose breath my dust is blown.

67

The Breath of Heaven leaveth Hell
To kiss the Quarters, each in turn,
To rouse the Desert into Storm:
These Remnants — to Thy Hands — return.
This Book is whole but for Today,
Then shall my Hands pluck it away —
To once more in the Desert burn.

68

The Daughters of Pale Lilith stand
Upon the Letters of this Book
And with my Brothers guide Thy Hand
To once more amid these Pages look.
All Men are welcome here to try —
To chance their lives or else to die:
Mere men upon God's fishing-hook.

69

The Sickle Moon hath reap'd the Corn
And bath'd the Grain in scarlet flood,
Her rays have cut Earth's Heart in twain
And drown'd Thee —all in Dragon's Blood.
Her Hand hath pull'd Thee from the Tomb
And cast Thee out from Lilith's Womb —
To suckle from her flower-bud. **(The tomb and the womb are compared again as in number 43. Lilith was a demon of the nigh who stole babies in Hebrew mythology and in this she steals souls. The sickle Moon is reaping the harvest of man and putting man in her garden like bees.)**

70

The Fish hath leap'd the Dragon-gate/
The Bird escaped the Hunter's Hand,
And God hath died and yet become - **(This is the soul escaping its snare through death and resurrection.)**
A Man with Peacock feathers fann'd:
A Seraph wreath'd in Azhdar's Flame,- **(The peacock symbolises the all-seeing God and it represents death and resurrection and this is what this soul has become. It is now an angel that has been liberated. Azhdar was an ancient Persian giant snake with wings and lived in the air.)**
Whose feet do burn the Lightning-Path,
Yet leave no trace upon the Sand. (The lightning path could mean that the

path is beyond time and space and so the soul can travel it outside of time and space in an instant. This is movement without moving. The fact that it leaves no trace on the sand suggests that the way is not of this world.)

71

The Merchant crying at the City-gates,
The Masks of Truth to falsely sell,
Hath emptied Wisdom's Purse of Gold
And toss'd the Coins within the Well. **(The masks are the physical body and it robs the soul of its wisdom. The coins that represent the value of wisdom are tossed into the dark water of the world, represented by the well. This is the poverty of the soul.)**
They glisten 'neath the Moment's wave, (The moment is the only thing that exists and past and future are illusions.)
Reflect the Sun's own wishful gaze,
Then join the Pearl within the Shell. **(The pearl is the soul, and it is locked in the body in the dark well.)**

72

At the Cross-roads of All Pathways, **(The crossed roads are the polar opposites of this world coming together, or emerging, from a point which is the axis of the Universe.)**
Where Fated Men their Fate appoint,
The Peacock-Angel and the Snake, **(The Peacock Angel is the physical manifestation of God and the snake is time.)**
With Venom, mine own brow anoint.
They cast my corpse upon the pyre,
Then walk away within the Fire.
Who followeth - hath found the Path ..
... lost within the Empty Point. **(The empty point is the axis of the Universe, and this is where the path is.)**

Walk on this Instant of Qutub: **(Qutub means the axis and it is always in the instant where neither past nor future exist.)**
Be Thou the Thunderbolt of Chance;
Between the Gate of This and That - (This could mean between the realities of Heaven and Earth.)
As Absence, in Thy Presence, dance.
Take Thou the World to be Thy Lover
And take Thyself and make it Other.
To this, the Lie, turn Fate askance." **(The world is the lover of the spiritually ignorant. Making the self-other means making the self the soul rather than the flesh. The Lie means the physical life and askance means to look on it with suspicion or disapproval.)**